

*The Tragedy of Hamlet*

May one be pardoned and retain the offence?  
In the corrupted currents of this world,  
Offences guided hand may show by iustice,  
And oft tis scene the wicked prize it selfe  
Buyes out the law, but tis not so aboue,  
There is no shuffling, there the action lies  
In his true nature, and we our selues compel d.  
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults  
To giue in euidence: what then, what rests?  
Try what repentance can, what can it not,  
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?  
O wretched state, O bosome blacke as death,  
O limed soule, that struggling to be free,  
Art more ingaged! helpe Angles make assay,  
Bow stubborn knees, and hart with strings of Steele,  
Be soft as sinnewes of the new borne babe,  
All may be well.

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying,  
And now Ile doo't, and so a goes to heauen,  
And so am I reuendge, that would be scand  
A villaine kills my father, and for that,  
His sole sonne, doe this same villaine send  
To heauen.  
Why, this is base and silly.-----not reuendge,  
A tooke my father grosely, full of bread,  
Withall his crimes broad blowne, as flush as May,  
And how his audit stands who knowes saue heauen,  
But in our circumstance and course of thought,  
Tis heauy with him: and am I then reuendged  
To take him in the purging of his soule,  
When he is fit and seasoned for his passage?  
No,  
Vp sword, and know thou a more horrid hent,  
When he is drunke, a sleepe, or in his rage,  
Or in th'incestuous pleasure of his bed,  
At game, a swearing, or about some act  
That has no relish of saluation in't.

*Then*

*Prince of Denmark*

Then trip him that his heele mas  
And that his soule may be as dar  
As hell whereto it goes; my mo  
This phisicke but prolongs thy si  
*King.* My words fly vp, my th  
Words without thoughts neuer

*Enter Gertra*

*Polo.* A will come strait, look  
Tell him his prancks haue beene  
And that your grace hath screen  
Much heate and him, Ile silence  
Pray you be round.

*Enter*

*Ger.* Ile waite you, feare me no  
With-draw, I heare him comming  
*Ham.* Now mother, what's th  
*Ger.* Hamlet, thou hast thy fat  
*Ham.* Mother you haue my fat  
*Ger.* Come, come, you answer  
*Ham.* Goe goe, you question  
*Ger.* Why how now Hamlet?  
*Ham.* What's the matter now  
*Ger.* Haue you forgot me?  
*Ham.* No by the rood not so,  
You are the Queene, your husband  
And would it were not so, you are  
*Ger.* Nay then Ile set those to  
*Ham.* Come, come, and sit you  
You goe not till I set you vp a glas  
Where you may see the most part  
*Ger.* What wilt thou doe, thou  
Helpe hoe,  
*Polo.* What hoe helpe,  
*Ham.* How now, a Rat, dead fo  
*Pol.* O I am slaine.  
*Ger.* O me, what hast thou done  
*Ham.* Nay I know not, is it the